

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to

A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleeue it.

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Phyficke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord,
For I professe you haue it.

Sur. Now all my ioy

Trace the Coniunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some cares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is stolne away to Rome, hath tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cause o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Noxf. But my Lord
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue satisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeue)
His second Marriage shall be publishd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princess Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businesse.

Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it an Arch-bishop.

Nor. So I heare.

Suf. Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Obserue, obserue, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,

Gau't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did vnseale them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he had
Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Card. Leaueme a while.

Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.

Anne Bullen? No: He no *Anne Bullen* for him,
There's more in't then faire Visage. *Bullen?*

No, we'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wish
To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,

Lord for thy Iustice.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter

To be her Mistis Mistis? The Queenes, Queene?

This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deseruing? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to
Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of

Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Secule.

Sur. I would 'twere something y' would fret the string,
The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, looks vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We haue seene him set himselfe.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)
Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The feuerall parcels of his Plate his Treasure,
Rich Stufes and Ornaments of Household, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subiect.

Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bleffe your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke

His

His Contemplation were aboue the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall obiect, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

King takes his Seat, whispers Louell, who goes.

to the Cardinall.

Car. Heauen forgive me,
Euer God bleffe your Highnesse.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heauenly stufte, and beare the Inuentory
Of your best Graces in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you haue scarce time
To steale from Spirituall leysure, a briefe span

To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am bold
To haue you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,

For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time
To thinke vpon the part of businesse, which
I beate i'th' State: and Nature does requite
Her times of preservation, which perforce

I her fraile sonne, among't my Brethren mortall,
Must giue my tendance to.

King. You haue said well.

Car. And euer may your Highnesse yoke together,
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,

With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,

And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,
He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,

I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But part'd my present Hauings, to bestow
My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this meane?

Sur. The Lord increase this businesse.

King. Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,

If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:
And if you may confesse it, say withall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces
Shew'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,

Haue euer come too short of my Desires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Haue bene mine so, that euermore they pointed
To'th'good of your most Sacred Person, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vnderferuer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,

My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairely answer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is
Therein illustrated, the Honor of it

Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary
The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

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